Mother. What's the matter *Philip?* I thinke your suit
in secret, tends to some money matter, which you suppose
burnes in the bottom of my chest.

Phil. No Madam, it is no such suit as to beg or borrow,
But such a suit, as might some other grant,
I would not now haue troubled you withall.

Mother. A Gods name let vs heare it.

Phil. Then Madam thus, your Ladiship sees well,
How that my scandall growes by meanes of you,
In that report hath rumord vp and downe,
I am a bastard, and no *Fauconbridge.*
This grosse attaint so tilteth in my thoughts,
Maintaining combat to abridge mine ease,
That field and towne, and company alone,
What so I doe, or wheresoere I am,
I cannot chase the slander from my thoughts.
If it be true, resolue me of my sire,
For pardon Madam, if I thinke amisse.
Be *Philip, Philip*, and no *Fauconbridge*,
His father doubtlesse was as braue a man,
To you on knees, as sometime *Phaeton*,
Mistrusting silly *Merop* for his sire,
Straining a litle bashfull modesty,
I beg some instance whence I am extraught.

Moth. Yet more adoe to hast me to my graue,
And wilt thou too become a mothers crosse?
Must I accuse my selfe to close with you?
Slaunder my selfe, to quiet your effects?
Thou moou'st me *Philip* with this idle talke,
Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.

Phil. Nay Lady mother, heare me further yet,
For strong conceit driues dutie hence awhile:
Your husband *Fauconbridge* was father to that sonne,
That carries markes of Nature like the sire,
The sonne that blotteth you with wedlockes breach,
And holds my right; as lineall in descent
From him whose forme was figured in his face.

Can Nature so dissemble in her fram
To make the one so like as like may
And in the other print no character
To challenge any marke of true desc
My brothers mind is base, and too t
To mount where *Philip* lodgeth his
And his externall graces that you vi
(Though I report it) counterpoise
His constitution plaine debilitie,
Requires the chaire, and mine the se
Nay what is he, or what am I to hi
When any one that knoweth how t
Will scarcely iudge vs both one cou
This Madam, this, hath droue me fr
And here by heauens erernall lampe
As cursed *Nero* with his mother did,
So I with you, if you resolue me no

Moth. Let mothers teares quen
And vrge no further what thou doe

Phil. Let sonnes intreaty sway th
Or else shee dies: Ile not infringe

Moth. Vnhappy taske: must I r
Blab my misdeeds, or by concealin
Some power strike me speechlesse f
Or take from him a while his heari
Why wish I so, vnhappy as I am?
The fault is mine, and he the faulty
I blush, I faint, oh would I might be

Phil. Mother be briefe, I long t

Moth. And longing die, to shro

Phil. Come Madam come, yo
The shame is shared equall twixt vs
Ist not a slackneſſe in me, worthy
To be so old, and cannot write my
Good mother resolue me.

Moth. Then *Philip* heare thy f
My honours losse by purchase of th

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)